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A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

ENTER FRANCE—RETURN HOME.

We have at length reached the borders of Switzerland on the route westward by the Val Travers; and in the midst of a brown moorish region, environed by the superior heights of the Jura, our calèche has come to a pause at the door of the French douane, or custom-house. France is a country which it is equally difficult to enter or to depart from without examination or license; and at this point, which is situated directly in the great smuggling line of march, more than usual vigilance is exercised. Handed out by a functionary in a glazed steeple hat, a mustache, and a dirty sky-blue uniform, we were told to bring every thing for inspection into the bureau, while the seats and lining of the carriage were subjected to the usual scrutiny and search.

I wonder our painters never think of depicting such a farcical scene as that which now ensued—a group of douaniers round a poor carpet-bag, on which they look with the eyes of a terrier watching a rat. One fellow, after fishing to the bottom, brings up a soap-box or razor-case, or some such trifles, as if he had got hold of some amazing prize, but which he next minute relinquishes, and crams back with the usual French grunt of disappointment—Bah! While this is going on within the threshold of the office, in which are observed to be seated at desks a couple of nondescript functionaries in blue cloth caps with snouts, an “aside,” as the players would say, is performing out of doors. The carriage and horses are in the hands of the Philistines. Having been pounced upon at first, the carriage has passed muster, and may now be supposed to be emancipated; but the horses, which stand whisking their long tails, and glad, I have no doubt, of a rest after their journey up the long mountain pass, have unconsciously on their part become objects of very particular attention. The aforesaid gentleman in the dirty sky-blue uniform examines their legs, feet, tails, colour of skin, streaks of white on their decent-looking countenances, and every observation he thinks fit to make as he proceeds is marked down with solemn gravity in a book held in the hands of an attending official. In short, it is a very serious affair; so serious that Jean, the owner of the concern, stands aloof with a face as gloomy as midnight, and as much as saying that he has got into a scrape which he heartily wishes he was well out of. Now comes the climax of the equine inspection. A tall measuring pole with a cross sliding bar at top, such as one may suppose to be employed in gauging recruits, is with all proper formality handed out from the bureau, and applied to the shoulders of the unfortunate animals. The thing was too ridiculous; and forgetting every consideration of time or place, the party—that is, the two ladies and myself—at once burst into a perfectly unrestrainable round of laughter. A smile passed over Jean's sunburnt countenance at this explosion, but so rueful and transient, and accompanied with such an embarrassing scratch of the head, as only added to the drollery of the scene. “What is the meaning of all this, Jean!” said I; “what are they going to do with your horses? Surely they do not take them for contrabandists!” But Jean had no time to reply, for he was now conducted into the bureau; out of which he came in about ten minutes, drawing together the mouth of his leatheren purse, and mumbling something in German, I daresay not very complimentary to the laws of the grand nation. As the poor fellow folded up the steps of the calèche, and otherwise prepared for the road, he explained the mystery. It came to this—that he was

charged fifty francs of duty upon his pair of horses; but that this sum would be restored to him provided he returned within twenty-four hours; and to insure his bringing the same animals back, the present examinations were instituted.

This was Jean's story, and it affords a pretty fair sample of the strictness of the French custom-house laws, which are here enforced with an excess of rigour—so much so, that one of the ladies of our party was charged three francs of duty on a printed calico dress, of Swiss manufacture, which no person of any delicacy would have regarded or meddled with. Such an organised interference with the freedom of trade and general intercourse reflects great disgrace upon the French, when compared with the practice on the Swiss side of the frontier, where there is no custom-house—no functionary to stop the way—no check of any kind on personal or commercial liberty. The French may send what goods they please into Switzerland, but they allow nothing to come back without being heavily taxed, and some kinds of merchandise are altogether intercepted. At the custom-house where we stopped, three large Swiss carts had been stopped for examination, and all their goods lay strewn on the ground, while we observed cars proceeding in an opposite direction towards Neuchatel, without encountering any species of hindrance.

If there were reason to believe that the French throw upon such contemptible interruptions to commerce, there might be some excuse for them; but this is by no means the case, if we may at all judge from external appearances. Within the Swiss territory, as I formerly observed, you see industry, neatness, and comfort. Every cottage, with its orderly arrangements, appears the residence of a happy though toiling family. At the distance of half a mile, within the French boundary, you see no such cottages, no industry, no neatness, no comfort. We have left a country in which the people unostentatiously but correctly manage their own affairs, and have entered another in which the people are clearly of no further account than as engines to be taxed and dragooned by a government over which they cannot be said to exercise the slightest control. The result in the one case is civil tranquillity and prosperity; in the other it is disorder and all the tokens of misery.

A more dismal ride cannot be conceived than from the French frontier to Pontarlier, at which we proposed to stop for the night. We no longer saw any of those evidences of personal exertion which have forced patches of wilderness into blooming cultivation, but, on the contrary, long stretches of bare hills with intermediate valleys of brown morass, and here and there a poor-looking hamlet, occupied by as poor-looking a set of inhabitants. Midway, at the pass of La Cluse, which formed the entrance to the valley of the river Doubs, in turning an angle in the road, we had on our left the Chateau de Joux, a castle regularly fortified and placed on the summit of a huge precipitous rock, like the castle of Edinburgh or Dunbarton. The night was closing in as we passed this ancient stronghold; and as we saw the lights twinkling through the mist and gloom from the lofty loop-holes, we thought that perhaps they shone from the dungeons in which had been immured the unfortunate Toussaint L'Ouverture, who, as is well known, was treacherously inveigled to France by Bonaparte, and imprisoned here, and who ultimately fell a martyr to the inclemency of another and similar dungeon at Besançon, to which he was consigned.

It is not my intention to detain the reader by an account of our journey to Paris, for the scenes we passed through were remarkably barren of interest;

and there was nothing in the social condition of the people to form the subject of pleasing remark. Travelling in France is performed with much greater toil and difficulty than in any other country I know aspiring to civilised usages; for the towns stand considerably apart from each other; there are few villages, and these poor; the inns are inferior in accommodation; and, worst of all, there is generally no conveyance at command but the regular diligences in direct communication with Paris. Except that the roads are now pretty good, the traveller is placed at a very great disadvantage in comparison with the means ever ready for his service in any part of Germany or Switzerland. As respects accommodations for tourists, I should say France is a century behind Holland, Belgium, or central Germany.

We arrived late at Pontarlier, a town of several thousand inhabitants, and where, after encountering another stoppage from custom-house officers, we took up our lodgings for the night. I should have been glad to take our conveyance on to Besançon; but Jean had the fear of losing his fifty francs before his eyes, and by break of day he was off on his return homewards. We were now abandoned to all the horrors of French diligences; and I shall save both myself and the reader no small degree of pain by passing entirely over the account of our journey for several days and nights through Besançon, Dijon, and some other towns of lesser note, to Paris.

The only relief experienced in this most afflictive journey was a day's rest at Dijon, a large and populous town, anciently the capital of Burgundy, but now considerably decayed, and apparently possessing little trade. The day of repose was appropriately Sunday, and the weather being still beautiful, we had an opportunity of seeing the place in its holiday dress. All the shops, with two or three exceptions, were open; but, as I have repeatedly observed in France, no business of any description seemed to be going on, and they might as well have been closed. Coffee-houses and places of public amusement seemed to be the chief objects of attraction to the sauntering part of the population, while the services of religion were as usual abandoned to the priests and a few female devotees. To judge from outward appearances, religion was a matter of very small account in Dijon. One fine old Gothic church in the main street we found cleared of all its interior trappings, and occupied with the stalls of herb and fruit dealers. Another ancient church was similarly desecrated, and formed a market for the sale of hay; and a third was employed as a merchant's dépôt for the sale of iron. Still, the 26,000 inhabitants have two churches left for religious service, both of which suffered greatly from revolutionary violence; but notwithstanding their dilapidation, they remain fine relics of an era of ecclesiastical splendour. An effort has lately been made to improve and beautify Dijon, by the laying out of public walks on the site of the ancient ramparts; and a very splendid jet-d'eau, with a circular stone basin, has been established at the southern entrance to the town. But none of these elegancies are kept in good order. Here and elsewhere, the remark was constantly forced upon us, that the French care little for the permanently useful in comparison to what is to make a momentary flash. In many places which we passed in our journey, the wreck of variegated lamps, left since the last rejoicing, hung upon edifices which greatly lacked a little repair; through the broken panes of glass in the churches peeped festoons of gum-flowers; and often the painted wooden figures, representing the crucifixion, which had been got up in a fit of pious enthusiasm, we observed to be broken or in a state of

neglected decay. The words, "Liberté—Ordre," which were frequently conspicuous in large letters on the front of Hôtel de Ville, formed, as we thought, a miserable burlesque on the national practice of stopping a traveller at every barrier, and the order which is everywhere preserved by the presence of a strong military force.

All miseries come to an end, and so did those endured in the French diligence. We were at length set down at the bureau of the Messagers in Paris, and having had our luggage once more inspected—only the fifth time since entering the country—we were allowed to seek some repose after the fatigues of a two nights' journey. Paris, I was much pleased to find, had been greatly improved since my visit in 1834. Dress, manners, vehicular conveyances, pavements, streets, shops, all were greatly improved, and seemed like what one now sees in the more refined parts of London. Having spent a week in viewing some of the more interesting objects of attraction, we departed for England, and had the satisfaction of arriving safely at Dover, after an absence of nearly two months.

And so here, I dare say to the relief of the reader, is brought to a close this rambling account of what was, after all, a commonplace excursion, performed more with a view to recreation and health than to adventure; and which, as far as convenience would permit, took more the form of a glance at the social than the picturesque features of the country. The result was not unsatisfactory; and now, on looking back to what fell under the attention of our happy little party, and pondering upon it in connexion with what has been seen and described more perfectly by other travellers, I think I possess a somewhat better idea of Switzerland, its institutions and character, than I had previous to my visit, transient as that necessarily was.

It appears to me, on reflection, that there are some things favourable and others unfavourable in the condition of the Swiss, which have never, at least as far as I am aware, been clearly stated in opposition to each other. The people at large I consider to be highly favoured with respect to their forms of government: they number among them no aristocratic or privileged class; all are equal in rank; every man has a free voice in electing his representative to the cantonal parliament or legislative council. A natural consequence of these arrangements is the highest degree of civil liberty consistent with social organisation. This civil liberty is not a theoretic but a practical good; it is not a fiction in law, but a substantial fact. The principle wrought out is what Bentham calls the greatest happiness of the greatest number. In the first place, no particular class having the power to exempt itself from taxation, all burdens, be they great or small, are spread equally over the community. Then, there is no class of persons whose industrial produce must be purchased in preference to what can be obtained elsewhere; that is to say, there is universal freedom of trade, the poorest man being allowed to lay out his penny to the best advantage, no matter though the article he buys should come from the opposite end of the globe.

From these circumstances in their numerous combinations, along with a strong spirit of patriotism, which is sedulously encouraged, the Swiss may be said to have realised all that can possibly be expected from free political institutions. They protect themselves from aggression; secure internal tranquillity with protection of life and property; tax individual exertion with the smallest sum for the general behoof; and leave every one to work out that scheme of happiness and independence which his feelings and sense of duty dictate; in short, every man is permitted to toil for himself, to keep all he earns to himself, and, surrounded by the objects of his affection, to sit down, unharassed by external influences, under the shelter of his own vine and fig-tree.

All this is something. Switzerland, in every quarter, presents a spectacle of humble independence and happiness which it is exceedingly pleasing to contemplate. How far the happiness realised equals that attainable in other countries, is a question involving many intricate considerations. Happiness is altogether a relative term. The Frenchman is happy (I suppose) in thinking he is a member of a great nation, which has a tri-coloured flag, a large army, a citizen-king, a legion of honour, and a few colonies beyond sea, which there is much glory in protecting; and such considerations, probably, reconcile him to an empty stomach, bare legs, and a pair of wooden shoes. The peasantry in the south of France live in hovels and subsist on chestnuts; but who can say that they are on that account mentally depressed or unhappy? Self-delusion, though never sung by the poets, is a very accommodating equivalent for many substantialities.

To compare the condition of Switzerland with that of England would be absurd. There is not the slightest resemblance between them. The Swiss have pitched their standard of happiness at a point which, as far as things, not feelings, are concerned, could, with great ease, be reached by the bulk of the British population. And here what may be called the unfavourable features of Swiss society become prominent. There is little cumulative capital in Switzerland. It is a country of small farmers and tradesmen, in decent but not wealthy circumstances. An active man amongst them could not get much. If he and his family wrought hard they would not starve, and whatever they got would be their own. On all occa-

sions, in speaking to respectable residents, the observation on the people was—"They labour hard, very hard; but they have plenty of food, and they are happy." Now, it is my opinion, that, if any man labour hard in either England or Scotland, exercise a reasonable degree of prudence, and be temperate and economical, he can scarcely fail in arriving at the same practical results as the Swiss; nay, I go farther, and will aver, that he has an opportunity of reaching a far higher standard of rational comfort than was ever dreamt of by the happiest peasant in Switzerland. The condition of the Swiss is blessed, remotely, no doubt, from the simple form of government, but immediately and chiefly from the industry, humble desires, and economic habits of the people. As I formerly observed, the people of Scotland alone contrive to spend four millions of pounds sterling annually on whisky; and if to this we add the injury caused by loss of time and deterioration of health, character, and circumstances, we have discovered an evil so monstrous as to leave no surprise that poverty and misery have been widely spread. This, however, is entering upon a topic too vast to be crowded at the end of these desultory sketches; and, therefore, leaving its discussion to a more favourable opportunity, I shall not trespass longer on the reader's patience, but make my obeisance and retire.

W. C.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

EVIDENCES OF DESIGN IN THE STRUCTURE OF INSECTS.

INDICATIONS of design, or contrivances adapted to carry into effect a particular intention, are so obvious in the structure of animals in general, and so well calculated to carry conviction to the mind regarding the great truth of a designing intelligence, that it may seem superfluous to multiply instances with the view for which they have been often adduced. On this important subject the evidence is already as satisfactory as can well be conceived; and although additional examples, like so many separate rays of light converging to a point, may make that evidence more conspicuous, it can scarcely render it more conclusive. But it is always a source of much gratification to contemplate the means by which that presiding intelligence effects its purposes—to examine the mechanism it constructs for the purpose of adapting its creatures to all the exigencies of their nature. In so doing, we meet with so many examples of ingenious contrivances, skilful mechanical adjustments, subervency of parts to a definite use, as well as an invariable beauty in the workmanship, that we cannot fail to receive beneficial impressions of the power, wisdom, and goodness that have been employed in the formation of animals.

Such instances are most apt to attract attention among the higher animals, where the parts, from being presented to us on a larger scale, are most obvious to the senses; but they are not less frequent, nor less interesting, among the lower tribes of the animal kingdom. This is the case, in particular, with insects, one of the most numerous of these classes, which live in such an infinite variety of circumstances and conditions, that more than ordinary scope is afforded, or more than usual necessity entailed, for modifications and peculiarities of structure to suit different modes of life. Singularly and most elaborately organised, and highly finished (so to speak) in all their parts, these little animals furnish obvious instances of design in their whole economy; but these instances are most striking in what Dr. Paley calls *peculiar organisations*, that is to say, deviations from the ordinary structure, in order to provide for some particular want, or the creation of new parts to overcome, as it were, some specific difficulty. It is principally to such examples of the last mentioned description as we happen to have met with in the course of our examination of insects, that it is our intention in this place to invite, for a brief space, the attention of the reader.

A large number of insects are raptorial, or prey on living individuals of their own class, at times even on individuals of their own species, for they are by no means particular in this respect. To enable such as are endowed with this propensity to seize and hold their struggling victims, some further provision is often requisite than a pair of trenchant and toothed jaws, because these can only execute their appropriate functions by alternately opening and closing, like the blades of a pair of scissors; and during the former act the captive would have an excellent opportunity to escape. The instruments employed to supply this want are generally the fore-legs; and many curious and interesting manifestations of design are to be seen in the modifications which these undergo, in order that they may be converted into prehensory or catching organs, their primary use, walking, being, at the same time, in no way interfered with. Strength and freedom of motion would be obvious advantages; we accordingly find that the fore-legs are by far the thickest and most robust, and instead of moving on a hinge joint, which admits of motion only backwards and forwards, they are connected with the body by a ball-and-socket joint, on which they can turn in all directions as on a pivot. They are also furnished with spines, which are probably in all cases more or less useful in disabling an antagonist; but in the following case these spines, by a simple mechanical arrangement, become efficient instruments for seizing an object. Near the lower extremity of the shank (or tibia), and on its inner side, there is a deep notch; immediately over this is

placed a strong moveable spine: when this spine is pressed down, it rests on the opposite angle of the notch, and thus effectually prevents any lateral movement. This structure is well exemplified in a small beetle (*Cilleum laterale*) found occasionally on the coasts. A provision of a similar kind exists in the common blister-beetle; but in this instance the spine is placed at the lower extremity of the tibia, and closes on the first joint of the foot (*tarsus*). There are no lateral supports in this case; the spine is therefore short and very strong.

No instrument can be more admirably fitted for its purpose than the fore-legs of the *mantes*, or sooth-sayers—insects so named from their appearance suggesting the idea of a person in the act of prayer, but which are pre-eminently raptorial and ravenous. The fore-legs of this creature are placed near the head, towards the extremity of a long and slender thorax, itself capable of considerable motion, and are very thick and strong. The thigh has a deep groove along its inner side, and along each of the margins of this groove there is a row of strong spines; the outline of this side of the leg is somewhat convex: the next portion of the leg (the tibia) is curved in the opposite direction, and folds back upon the thigh, falling closely into the central groove, just as the blade of a pocket-knife does into the handle. The whole apparatus is most complete and efficient. When the tibia ends in a long curved spine, as is frequently the case, that spine is turned to one side; and the tarsi, which are short and weak, fall backwards on the least motion of the tibia: unless both these provisions obtained, it is obvious that the latter could not close upon the thigh. No intention can be more clearly indicated.

It has been stated above, that one of the reasons for the legs being used to hold the prey is, that the jaws may have greater liberty of motion, without allowing the prey to escape. There are some instances in which the legs are in no way adapted to such a purpose; every thing, therefore, requires to be done by the jaws—and how is the risk of escape, in that case, provided against? *The jaws are performed throughout their whole length*, so that, when once fixed in the body of the living prey, they do not require to be relaxed, its juices being sucked through the tube. This is the case with the larva of a tribe of water-beetles (*Dytiscidae*), in which the legs are all required to balance and move the body in the water, and could not be spared for any other end.

Other means of seizing and fixing, of an equally curious nature, have been furnished to certain insects. The male scorpion-fly has a pair of forceps in its tail, and the water-beetle has an apparatus of the character of what boys called a *sucker*. The water-beetle is of less specific gravity than the element it inhabits, and liable, therefore, to be tossed about by every fluctuation of the waters. Hence the necessity for some means of attachment. The body is broad, flat, and nearly smooth, and hence the expediency of a sucker in preference to any other means. The apparatus consists of a broad circular disk, with several small cup-shaped suckers, varying in size, attached to its under side. It occupies the place of the tibia in the fore-legs.

Let us now take an example of the adaptation of the fore-legs to another purpose than that of seizing. Admirably as the common mole is fitted for mining its subterranean galleries, perhaps the structure of the fore-legs of the mole-beetle even more strikingly demonstrates design (if that be possible), inasmuch as the legs deviate more from the prevailing form among creatures of the same class, and require a greater number of modifications, in order that they may answer the end in view. It is impossible to fancy a more efficient digging instrument of its size—the ordinary uses of the leg remaining at the same time unimpaired. The thigh, and the joint which unites it to the body, are of great size and strength, and the tibia is expanded into a broad plate, which assumes palmate form by being cut on its external edge into four pointed lobes. It is thus at once fitted to burrow into the soil and to shovel it when loosened to one side, the leg being so turned that its action is outwards and backwards. But the tarsi are still to be disposed of, because they would obviously impede this operation; and being comparatively weak, would run the risk of fracture. They are, accordingly, reduced to mere rudiments; and when the leg is in action, the few joints of which they consist are lodged in a groove exactly fitted to receive them. Could any arrangement be more perfect, or more strikingly testify intention!

The common mole can readily turn the passage it is digging in any direction it may please, although that passage is not wider than its own body; and this it is enabled to do by the flexibility of its spine. The insect of which we have just spoken can also turn its body, because the segments of which the latter is composed are flexible to a certain degree. But there are certain tribes of insects which burrow in the ground, belonging to that section of the class which have their bodies covered with a hard and bony case (*Coleoptera*); and unless some special provision were made to admit of lateral motion, they would be under the necessity, when excavating a gallery the exact width

of their body, to move forward almost invariably in a straight line. "We have often admired the simplicity and efficiency of the means that have been resorted to in order to obviate this difficulty. The thorax, or trunk, of the insect is attached to the abdomen, or hinder portion of the body, by a pretty long and narrow cylindrical piece; and on this the thorax moves as on a pivot, its hinder angles being rounded off to admit of its motions being performed with greater facility. Now, all the insects most nearly related to these, but which are not subterranean in their habits, have the thorax broad behind, the hinder angles being rectangular, or even salient, which necessarily almost wholly prevents the sideward motion of a part of the body at once. The genera *Cirrata* and *Sciarites* afford examples of this structure. Their fore-legs are also constructed on the same principle as those of the mole-beetle, although the parts are not so highly developed. They likewise possess another organ, so beautifully adapted to their subterranean mode of life that it should not pass unnoticed. The antennae, which are usually composed of conical joints, and are therefore somewhat rigid and unpliant, are, in this instance, formed of globular joints connected by a slender filament, resembling a series of beads rather loosely strung upon a thread. They can, therefore, be bent in any direction with the utmost ease, and are turned backwards while the insect is moving through the soil, so that they offer no obstacle to its progress.

How many beautiful examples of peculiar adaptation are to be observed in the legs of insects, in order to fit them for locomotion in the different places and elements in which they dwell! The crane-flies (*Tipulidae*) frequent grassy meadows; and walking in such places to an insect with a heavy body and short legs, would be almost as difficult as for a man to pass through a thick plantation of young trees. The legs are therefore extended to that extraordinary length which gives these flies such a singular appearance; and they are by that means enabled either to *stilt* among the grass, or to walk over it, the limbs, from their length, resting on many blades of grass at once, and thus finding a sufficient number of points to support the body. But it must occur to every one that a still more useful and effectual kind of locomotion, among tangled vegetation and places where the wings could not well be used, would be the power of leaping. Multitudes of herbivorous insects we accordingly find to possess that property, and the hind-legs are the instruments by which it is usually effected. The thighs are greatly enlarged to allow the muscles sufficient development for this increase of power, and the other parts of the leg are so modified as not to interfere with the exercise of it. The efficiency of this instrument is best shown by its effects. Insects of very small size (such as the turnip flea-beetle, an object of much dread to farmers) can leap to a distance of several feet with the utmost ease, so that they are at once provided with the means of a rapid change of place, necessary, or at least highly desirable, in their search for food, and a mode of escape from many of their enemies. The structure in question is best exemplified in locusts and grasshoppers. In these the hinder thighs are very much elongated, and thicken gradually as they approach the body; the knee forms a large knob, to afford room for the somewhat complex articulation which unites the thigh to the tibia. The whole apparatus is strictly mechanical; and it would seem impossible that any one could examine it without at once perceiving what purpose it was intended to serve, even although he had never seen it in action.

WORLDLY WISDOM; OR THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF LIFE.

"You had better have taken my advice, Henry, and married the heiress three months ago," was the exclamation of Mr Varley to one of the two nephews who, with himself, made up rather a mournful trio, as they sat almost for the last time in his splendid drawing-room. The season was chilly November, the year that terrible one in the mercantile world—1825. Mr Varley had been reputed a very wealthy merchant. He had lived for many years in a most expensive style; and though there were ill-natured persons who hinted that Mr and Mrs Varley snarled occasionally at each other, in a manner not accordant with a very romantic idea of conjugal felicity, he must certainly have been a generous husband. In fact, he had behaved in a manner that those foolish romantic persons who have no idea of a separate purse or separate interests seldom think of doing. In the height of his prosperity, he had settled twenty thousand pounds on his wife beyond his own reach. It is true this circumstance was not generally known, but we shall see presently how it influenced his future career. Mr Varley had no children; but about five years before his failure, his nephews, Henry Carlingford and Alfred Varley, had entered his counting-house, the former bringing into the concern a small patrimony, the latter very little more than his services. Nevertheless, Alfred had become decidedly the uncle's favourite, for Mr Varley declared that Henry's head was full of "ridiculous notions," and that where any one of them was concerned, "he was as obstinate as a mule." Alfred, on the contrary, he pronounced to be "a shrewd clever fellow, who would make his way in the world;" and Mr Varley had a strong affection for prosperous people.

It was a very few days after the house of Varley and Co. had been declared insolvent—a failure, by the by, most unexpected—that our story opens. There are few scenes more painfully touching than the contemplation of a family suddenly reduced from affluence to penury; but certainly of our trio Henry Carlingford appeared the most afflicted. Perhaps Alfred Varley possessed more of the buoyancy of youth, and perhaps his uncle was a bit of a philosopher, or perhaps he considered that he could not be very painfully straitened while his lady possessed the interest of twenty thousand pounds. He had also just heard that the creditors intended behaving very liberally. Thus, though a certain air of gloom pervaded the apartment, he was less depressed than might have been expected, when he addressed Henry, exclaiming, "You had better have married the heiress!"

"In the first place, sir," replied Henry, "I am not sure that the lady to whom you allude would have married me; and secondly, I never admired her sufficiently to put the question to her."

"Nonsense—nonsense! Now, there is no chance of your making a good match; if you had married Miss Tarlton, and even half her fortune had been settled upon herself, as of course would have been the case, how different would your position now have been!"

"So different that I cannot contemplate it without horror; for however my own conscience might have acquitted me, the world would have considered me as a scoundrel."

"Well, well," rejoined the uncle, "some day you will better understand the advantages of a sure income."

"I do understand them, I assure you; but I value one thing yet more highly, and that is an unsullied character."

Having thus expressed his opinion on Henry's imprudence, Mr Varley turned the conversation more directly to their present circumstances, and this, after a little while, very naturally led to Alfred's more immediate interests. Here, however, there was a marriage to be broken off, instead of reproaches for its non-completion. Alfred had been engaged for nearly six months to the pretty and accomplished daughter of a London banker. But though Eliza Dalton was precisely the same individual with whom he had been all this time "desperately in love," he now congratulated himself most heartily that he had yielded to the delay urged on account of her extreme youth—for she was little more than seventeen—as, to use his own words, he felt there would be "madness" in thinking of her as a wife, now that her father had failed, and she would be portionless. There is a kind of speciousness, a correct reasoning warped to wrong purposes, which, like false coin, may, and does, for a little while pass current. It sounded all very right, and proper, and prudent, and self-sacrificing on his part to release Eliza from her engagement, and, now that their mutual circumstances were so changed, to leave her free again to choose; but it must be confessed these moral attributes are not the ones generally most highly appreciated by a young girl in the character of her lover. It would seem that even Henry Carlingford did not see the affair quite in the exalted manner which was intended, for after listening for some time to the discourse of his companions, the exclamation, "Poor girl!" escaped him, and he walked to another part of the room to conceal his emotion.

Both the Varleys had an aversion to "scenes" (though, in dreading one, they calculated far too little on the womanly pride which was inherent in such a nature as that of Eliza Dalton), and so they agreed each to dispatch a letter breaking the determination at which they had arrived—that of the uncle to Mr Dalton; the epistle of the nephew was to be addressed to his fiancée. It must not, however, be supposed that the situation of Alfred Varley was utterly deplorable—very far, indeed, from it. From his knowledge of business, he had already engaged himself as head clerk in another establishment, with a very considerable salary, and Mr Varley was to resume the management of his own business for the benefit of his creditors. For Henry Carlingford a very different, and apparently a far more uncertain, career was opening. Sickened of the excitement consequent on speculations, and not having been fortunate in the specimens presented to him of the mercantile class, he had determined to abandon entirely all such pursuits. The study of anatomy and medicine had already been the recreation of many a leisure hour, and a wealthy member of his mother's family had now generously placed within his reach the means of prosecuting these his favourite studies, with the hope of qualifying himself for the medical profession. It does require energy and decision to determine, even at five-and-twenty, on a new path in life, and to turn every hope and aspiration into a different channel than heretofore; but energy and decision were among the peculiar characteristics of Henry's mind, directed as they were by those firm principles which prevented his ever turning out of the straightforward path of honour and propriety into any of the by-lanes of life, which, though they seem to the short-sighted very near cuts to fortune and fame, really only lead out of one cross-road into another.

It is scarcely worth while to examine very narrowly the early trials of Eliza Dalton. It will be better to judge of them by the influence their school-

ing had upon her character. Youth, with its keen feelings and soaring hopes, is the season of all others when afflictions fall most heavily; wisely and mercifully ordained is it, that they should usually leave behind them, when their wounds are healed and their spirit departed, lessons of experience which mature the mind and develop the character, more, probably, than the fortunate occurrences of many prosperous years might have done. It seemed very dreadful to Eliza Dalton when first the intelligence of her father's reverses fell upon her ear; it was sad to think she must bid adieu to the home of her childhood, and yield it to the authority of a stranger; it was even a trial (however unromantic it may sound) to relinquish henceforth the luxuries to which she had ever been accustomed, and the control of wealth which her father had more recently permitted; and saddest, most agonising of all, was it to mark his anxious care-worn face. Yet amid the deluge of affliction, there seemed one ark of joy and happiness; what, then, must her emotions have been when that was wrecked!

She was alone when the letter of Alfred Varley arrived, and she read it twice or thrice without seeing to gather its meaning. True, they could not be married yet; that she had instinctively felt the first moment that the knowledge of their mutual reverse of fortune had reached her; she had already accustomed herself to look through a long vista of exertion on his part, and at the end most probably a mere competence—for there was the prospect of a competence—instead of the once anticipated affluence. But to be relinquished—cast off for ever—such a thing had never entered her imagination, and her mind was slow to comprehend it. After a few minutes, however, some scintillation of the truth must have reached her, for pressing her hand to her brow, she sought her father's chamber, and placing the open letter in his hand, leaned upon his shoulder, and, while he read, again perused it.

"Sordid wretch!" exclaimed Mr Dalton; "but, darling, I rejoice"—The sentence was not completed, for Eliza would have fallen to the ground had not his open arms received her.

Mr Dalton was a strong-minded man, and one of deep feeling. He had been for some years a widower, and his whole affections were centred upon his three children, of whom Eliza was the eldest. The change in his worldly position had, in a few weeks' time, added in appearance the weight of many years to his age, and threaded his dark hair with silver, but it had failed to wring from his heart such tears of agony as those which fell upon the insensible form of his daughter. His first impulse had been to call for assistance, but a second thought restrained him, and placing her upon a sofa, he succeeded in a few minutes in restoring her to consciousness; it was her father's tenderness which touched some chord of feeling, and her heart was relieved by tears.

It must not be supposed that Mr Dalton's grief was at breaking off the match. Very far from it; but he knew enough of woman's nature to comprehend the struggle that was going on in the heart of his darling child. Oh! how holy is the bond when a parent is also a friend! They spoke unreservedly, and with her hand clasped in his. In the course of a very few hours Eliza listened, almost with composure, to her father's ejaculations of thankfulness that Alfred's character was unmasked. In a few days she spoke of plans for the future almost with animation; of how much she could improve her younger sisters and herself without the further aid of masters, and how pretty she could make the cottage to which they were about to remove. In a few months, though looking paler, thinner, and much older than before, she had regained, to all appearance at least, a flow of cheerful spirits. She had become, if possible, dearer than ever to her father; she had become his confidential and favourite companion, the undisputed economical mistress of his reduced establishment, and the instructor of her younger sisters. She was also more happy. The truth was, that the proof of Alfred's unworthiness had stripped her idol of its divinity, and discovered to her, what is more often the case with the very young than they are willing to acknowledge, namely, that their love is rather the imagined embodiment of their own ideal, which cannot endure the test of time, the great truth-discoverer, than a real attachment that deserves to be permanent. Leaving Eliza, however, to the intellectual pursuits and domestic duties which opened to her a more extended and purer kind of happiness, we will follow for a little while the fortunes of Henry Carlingford.

He had pursued his studies most assiduously for the requisite term, and had commenced what is called "walking the hospitals," when his attention was drawn to an old man whom he observed almost daily among the patients that called for gratuitous advice. He seemed to grow weaker and weaker; and, actuated by a feeling of benevolence, Henry on one occasion followed him to the door, and believing that he saw before him a decayed gentleman, offered, in as delicate a manner as possible, to attend him at his own home. The old man, whom we will call Selby, looked up as if surprised, and exclaimed, almost pettishly: "I can't pay you, sir; I can't pay you."

"I do not desire it," returned Henry; "you are not in a fit state of health to brave such weather as this (it was raining at the time); and if my skill and experience, such as they are, can be of any advantage to you, they are quite at your service."

Certainly this kind offer was not received and accepted in the most gracious manner; but Henry perceived that he had a character to deal with, and towards noon, on the following day, he wended his way to the street named by his eccentric acquaintance. It is no unusual thing for the attics of houses (the lower parts of which may be occupied as counting-houses by the wealthy merchant) to be let out in single rooms at comparatively low rents to some needy persons, who yet have business or occupation which requires their presence in the metropolis. It was in a mean apartment of this description that Henry found the old man; but it seemed to him a singular coincidence that the ground-floor should be tenanted by the firm in whose service his cousin Alfred now was; for though he knew the street and house very well, he had never before observed the number.

As Henry was leaving the house after having performed his required duty, he encountered young Varley; and not being very expert at parrying cross-questions, his cousin was soon apprised of the object of his visit. At first Alfred's countenance fell, in a manner that surprised our doctor, but in a few moments recovering, or assuming composure, he burst into a sort of forced laugh, and holding out his hand to Henry, exclaimed, "We must enter into partnership, my straight-laced cousin, or else I see that you, in the most unconscious manner, will cut me out with the old miser. Ah! I see you don't know him: he has not chick or child in the world—rich as Croesus—lives here to be near the stock exchange, where he dabbles pretty often—hasn't an idea we know this, though, for he is always talking of dying in the workhouse; if one could but get booked in his will—don't think he's made it yet; do you—I can't live long, I'm sure—how long should you think?"

Henry did not give a very satisfactory answer to this question; he had been shocked at the abrupt confession of his cousin's scheming (the upright always detect malversation), and perhaps more grieved than angry at the deception which had been practised on himself. His compassion for the desolate old man—whose life would not in all human probability be prolonged many months—had been strongly excited; and though respect was necessarily gone, pity remained, and he continued to visit him almost daily. Involuntarily, perhaps, his manner grew less cordial, as he perceived, in many trifling circumstances, "confirmation strong" of all Alfred Varley had declared, though, from a feeling of principle, his attentions were still unremitting; while the miser, as if to widen the barrier which was growing up between them, persisted in treating Henry as the party obliged, speaking constantly of the experience he must derive from the treatment of his case. Weeks thus passed away; sometimes, though not often, he met his cousin, who latterly, he fancied, rather shunned him than not.

A circumstance, however, was about to occur, which opened a new chapter in the life of Henry Carlingford, and probed his feelings to the quick. He had been in the habit of visiting, on terms of intimacy, at Mr Dalton's "cottage," and in a manner, that would be strange but that it is common, had grown fervently attached to Eliza, without being conscious of the fact. Certainly there could be few characters more suited to each other than theirs were, and no circumstances so likely to awaken the purest regard as those under which he had seen Eliza Dalton—the youthful, gentle, yet wise mistress of a home she made dearer to her father than his early abode of affluence. Still, Henry had been so accustomed to consider her as the early betrothed of his cousin, that it was only by the incident to which we allude that he was awakened to the knowledge of his own feelings. On arriving one day at the cottage, he was startled by the agitated manner in which Mr Dalton received him.

"Harry," cried the latter, drawing him towards a vacant room, "I want much to speak to you. Pray, tell me, have you suspected any thing of this sort?" and, while speaking, he placed an open letter before him.

It was a letter from Alfred Varley to his once-timely affianced, couched in terms of the most passionate regard. He spoke of the "cruel sacrifice he had made, by which his heart had been nearly broken," and to which he had only been actuated by a fervent desire for her happiness; but finding her still unmarried, and his own prospects brightening, he could no longer refrain from once more throwing himself at her feet. The letter was filled up with those fervent expressions of unalterable attachment which, when echoed from one heart to another, seem a natural and proper language, but which, under different circumstances, or to third persons, are apt to appear a very different sort of thing.

The perusal of this letter unveiled poor Henry's heart to himself, and it was with a pale cheek and trembling voice that he besought Mr Dalton to tell him in what manner his daughter had received it.

"She is in a most agitated state of mind," continued the father, "and it is this which grieves me. I did not believe she entertained for him one lingering feeling of regard. I thought she now rejoiced as much at the rupture of their engagement, as I have always done. But I know how delicate a thing is a woman's heart; and though she is willing—I may say desirous—to reply at once, and decline firmly all future overtures, I have determined to wait for a week or two, not only that I may make inquiries as to his conduct since we lost sight of him—and certainly, as Eliza's worldly prospects are no way changed, this letter goes far towards proving that we judged him harshly—but that I may also give time for her own decision. Tell me, have you ever suspected the state of your cousin's feelings?"

"No. But we are not intimate, and have seldom or never spoken on this subject."

Henry Carlingford left the house without seeing Eliza Dalton, or it is probable that some word or look might have unsealed his lips, and at least all future misunder-

standings have been avoided. But impressed with the conviction that her heart was still devoted to his rival, he had not the courage to meet her.

It was on the third morning from that eventful day that Henry, as usual, paid his benevolent visit to the old miser. Within the last week or two, however, a change might have been observed in Mr Selby's deportment. He had grown more deferential and respectful to his young doctor; and it was evident that he had become aware that Henry knew that he was no object of charity, at least in the common acceptation of the term. Growing day by day more feeble, it seemed that as his body decayed his mind became less grovelling and worldly. He seemed conscious that his end was approaching; and as if anxious to exculpate himself in Henry's eyes, he briefly sketched his history. Some minds there are which, tried by adversity, come out like gold from the furnace, but his was not of this order. Jilted by the woman he had loved, and cheated of his fortune by the man he had called his friend, he lost all belief in moral excellence; and where there is not at least faith in virtue, the mind must narrow and wither. Reduced by the fraud which had been practised on him from the possession of a competence to utter dependence, he had still, by a course of persevering industry, acquired a considerable fortune; but with no tie of affection, and no hope of ever forming one, he seemed not to be linked in the chain of humanity: he made gold his idol, and loved and worshipped it for itself. Still, where there has once been known kindly feelings, it is possible that some chord may be found to reawaken them. The bad leaven was sufficiently powerful to prevent his sacrificing one grain of his "divinity" while his dying fingers could grasp it; but even a miser has some consciousness that mammon passes not through the gates of death. It was not the kind and skilful benevolence of his friend which had awakened his better impulses, though something there was in Henry's loftier nature (as, indeed, the choice of him for a confessor proved) which wrung from him the tribute of respect which inferior minds are compelled to pay. Far less did the designing attentions of Alfred Varley meet with any other than their fit and usual reward; but the old man's dormant admiration had been awakened by a sense of—JUSTICE. In early life he had known Mr Dalton intimately, and had watched the rise and fall of his fortunes. He knew that the wealthy banker and the poor gentleman had been alike a man entitled to respect, and more than all, he had chanced to receive only a few weeks ago the last dividend due to him as a trifling creditor, knowing that it was by the sacrifice of many thousands which he might have retained, that Mr Dalton had been enabled to discharge every claim upon him. He had heard, too, from an old servant, of the exemplary conduct of Eliza, and, without knowing the name of her early lover, something of her private history. From sympathy, admiration, or perhaps many mingled feelings, he had determined on making her his sole heiress, though, undoubtedly, his attention had been drawn to the family by his thorough appreciation of Mr Dalton's upright character.

It was after relating his history to Henry Carlingford far more minutely than we have done, that, softened by his emotions, he took from behind his pillow a paper—it was his will. He asked Henry to read it to him, complaining of his feeble sight, but expressing a desire to be once more sure that it was in all respects correct and binding. It was while complying with the miser's wish that a lightning-like flash of thought convinced Henry Carlingford that his cousin Alfred had in some manner become acquainted with the nature of the document. His voice trembled as he concluded, and he left that poor chamber sooner than he had intended; but he spoke kind words to the old man, and pressed his hand more warmly than usual. He had obtained a clue to the discovery he instantly sought to make, for one of the witnesses to the will was a fellow-clerk of Alfred's. It matters little how he assured himself of the truth of his conjecture, or how, from a sense of duty, he disclosed to Mr Dalton the plot which had been laid by his unprincipled cousin. But our story would have been shorter if Eliza Dalton had sent her definite refusal to accept his addresses one day before the discovery of his heartless villainy. Then Henry Carlingford would never have suspected in her a lingering regard for her former lover. As it was, he misunderstood the depression of spirits which even the possession of thirty thousand pounds (and of that fortune she became mistress in a very few weeks) failed to banish; and her wealth, to his sensitive mind, raised a barrier between them. Yet he loved on, almost against his will; for in his struggles with himself he separated himself from her society, till by degrees he even ceased to visit her family.

Years passed on, working their strange revolutions in the balance of fortune's wheel. Seven years after the miser's death, the Varleys were, what they would have called in others, "all to pieces." Mrs Varley was dead, after having squandered all the property, and her husband had sunk to the condition of a clerk in a third-rate house of business in a country town. The career of his nephew, Alfred, has not been much more prosperous. With a view of making a business for himself, he was guilty of much double-dealing and ingratitude towards his employers; and though he escaped the arm of the law, he was of course dismissed by them, and has now no regular occupation; it is indeed a marvel how he finds the means of subsistence.

But let us close this sketch with a brighter picture than the one we have just presented. Those same seven years had raised our young physician high on the ladder of fame. He had steadily pursued the straight highway of life, and yet had made stepping-stones of the favourable "opportunities" which had presented themselves in his path. Although ever a friend to the poor, his chief connexion lay among the noble and the wealthy, at whose houses he was frequently an honoured guest. It was on one of these occasions, and when the conversation was on literature, that it turned to some admirable works which had lately been published, and which had

attracted the notice and admiration they deserved. There was some degree of mystery, however, about the author, and Lord F——, the host, after listening for some time to the discussion, started them by declaring, "I know it is a lady, and more than that, you shall next week be introduced to her."

"The name—the name—who is she? who can she be?" exclaimed two or three voices.

"Nay," rejoined Lord F——, "if I promise you so great an honour, you must indulge me with the enjoyment of a little mystification. Her name is one you have often heard. All I shall tell you is that she is young—certainly under thirty—and handsome; and that she is the chosen friend of my daughter, chosen by me as much as by herself; for to a girl of Emily's age, I think the advantages of such a friend, some half-dozen years her senior, are beyond the highest estimate. Come all of you and dine with me next Tuesday, and at all events we will invite the author of — and her father to meet you."

The authoress was Eliza Dalton! Seven years had taken no beauty from her person, but had added much power to her mind. Her younger sisters were already married; but it was suspected, nay, she had been known to say, that she should never marry. Such resolutions, however, are occasionally broken; and certain it is, that within three months from that memorable dinner party, she made some confessions to Henry Carlingford touching her depression of spirits at the period of receiving her legacy, which quite relieved his mind from any anxiety on that subject; and about the same time she fixed the day to meet him at the altar, to be no more divided. Her proud happy father gave her with joy to the man of all others he deemed most worthy of her, and Lady Emily F—— was her bridesmaid.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

CYCLE OF THE SEASONS.

We find the following paragraph in the *Leeds Mercury*:—"Mr Luke Howard, F.R.S., of Ackworth, near Pontefract, who has carried on careful meteorological observations for about forty years, has published the result of his observations through two complete cycles of eighteen years each. The result shows a very great general resemblance between the two periods; and Mr Howard is convinced that in each cycle there is a succession of years above the average degree of warmth, and a succession of years below the average. It is very agreeable to find that we have now just arrived at the close of one of the colder periods, and are entering upon one of the warmer; and Mr Howard anticipates that this and several successive years will be genial, warm, and generally favourable to abundance of the products of the soil. The subject is one not only of great curiosity to the scientific, but also of practical importance; and observations like those of Mr Howard cannot be too closely conducted. The reader ought to be aware that in eighteen years the moon, the sun, and the earth, come into the same relative position towards each other as they were in at the beginning of the period; and the theory is, that the temperature, moisture, winds, &c., on our globe are materially affected by the relative positions of the sun and moon towards her."

Efforts to ascertain general principles with regard to the character of the seasons have so invariably ended in disappointment, that Mr Howard must be prepared for some difficulty in convincing the world of the truth of his system. We are struck, however, by the idea of a series of propitious following a series of unpropitious seasons, because it is analogous to some other parts of the great scheme of Providence. We can work by day; but by and by the night cometh when no man may work. The fruits of the earth are produced only at one season; and we must prepare in summer and autumn for the absence of all natural sustenance from the surface of the earth in winter. Man can labour powerfully and successfully for his support till past middle life; but by and by comes a time of old age when he cannot labour, and when he is, or ought to be, supported by the results of the industry of his better days. All these arrangements bear reference to a faculty of foresight in the human mind, which operates to make us provide in the one season for the wants of the other; and society would soon be in a dreadful state indeed, if night, winter, and old age were not regarded by a very considerable portion of the species. This foresight is one of the most remarkable distinctions of man; but it is lamentable to think by what a great number of persons—we may say whole classes—it is scarcely at all exercised. How many, even when their receipts are far above the average, are contented to eat up each week their whole weekly earnings, never once thinking there is such a thing as a savings' bank or a friendly society in the world! How many in the middle ranks go on from year to year living in comfort without any provision for the possible death of the head of the family, though life-assurance supplies all that could be desired in that way from the present possession of a large hoard of savings! [By the way, life-assurance must yet be far from being generally understood: we lately heard with astonishment of a clergyman in Dundee having spoken disconcertingly of it in the pulpit—endeavouring to place

religion in opposition to one of the most virtuous acts of a man's life! However much it may be disregarded partially, labour and self-denial at the favourable season, for the sake of provision against the unfavourable, are distinctions of human kind, and they are proud ones. It would be curious to discover that nature contemplates also, as a regular matter, something like a constant realisation of Joseph's dream, namely, that in one portion of so long a space of time as eighteen years, there should be a provision made for another portion of it—for such must be a natural inference from Mr Howard's theory, if it prove correct. It is a question interesting to the moral as well as to the natural philosopher, and we would hope that due efforts will not be wanting to bring it to a point of certainty.

IMPROVEMENTS IN TYPOGRAPHY AND PRINTING.

The history of printing presents a remarkable illustration of the active and improving nature of the last half century in comparison with some of the whole ones which went before. Till the French Revolution, the printing press continued to be the same rude and clumsy wooden machine which it had been in the hands of Faust and Guttenberg. A mechanician of the present day laughs at the idea of its homeliness and imperfect adaptation to its work. Its first three centuries and a half passed without its ever being thought improveable. Then came a time when everything was challenged, and the printing-press amongst the rest. Lord Stanhope and others applied their minds to produce better presses, and succeeded. There have been since then certainly not less than six various improved constructions of press, all of them respectable, and some excellent. There has also been the printing machine, that wonderful engine which takes in blank paper at one end and sends it out fully printed at the other, by dint merely of a handful of coal in the furnace of a steam-engine—which has allowed of the serviceable phenomenon of cheap literature—and makes it possible to publish a large impression of a newspaper while the news are still hot. The old cushions for inking have in the same period been dismissed, and replaced by the elegant and handy rollers. Now, if we are to believe a correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, a machine has been invented and patented for setting up types.

This machine, according to the gentleman who has made it known, "has a resemblance to a cottage piano, with the external framework removed. It has 72 channels containing a complete font of type, under which are placed levers in connexion with keys similar to those of the piano, each key having engraved on it its character, which corresponds with the channels above, in which the different letters are placed. As the letters are moved out of the channels by the action of the player, they slide through various curves on an inclined plane at the back of the machine, and fall to one point, where they are received into a spout and beaten forward to a composing stick, or, as it is called by the mechanist, a justifying box, by a very ingenious mechanical movement. This justifying box is at the end of the receiving spout, and the type is drawn into it in lines of the width of the page to be set up; and when the usual number of lines have been justified, the box is emptied into a galley in the way that the compositor empties his composing stick. While this 'setting up' of the type, as the printers term it, but which here is in reality 'letting down,' is going on, the channels are being fed by two boys. The rapidity with which this machine gets through its work may be judged of from the fact, that type equal to half a column of this Journal was justified in a few minutes less than an hour; that is, as fast as the reporter usually transcribes his notes. At this machine there are eight persons employed, three intelligent young women and five boys. The first are alternately engaged two hours each in composing, justifying, and correcting. The same system obtains with the boys, one of whom turns the wheel before spoken of, two, as has been stated, fill the channels, and two distribute the type. A clever compositor will set up 2000 letters in an hour, but the average is about 1500 or 1600 letters. The young women whom we saw compose at the machine have, as they stated to us, been learning for about three months, and the average rate at which they justify, for we observed that the compositor was sometimes too quick for the justifier, is about 6000 letters per hour." How far the machine will answer the desired end, when employed upon moist and soiled types, such as are found in ordinary use in printing offices, we are presented with no means of judging.

In type-founding, there have also been some improvements of late. Some of the larger and more elaborate letter has been reproduced in the most beautiful style by the electrotype. In this art, there has always been a disadvantage felt to attend the want of a fixed standard of size for the bodies of the types, so as to admit of one founder's type ranking with another's; and also for the sake of nice adjustment when types of different sizes have to be amassed in one page. This desideratum has lately been supplied by the laudable enterprise and ingenuity of Messrs Bower, Brothers, of Sheffield. These gentlemen have pitched upon one kind of type (*pica*) as a standard, making it invariably one-sixth of an inch in depth of body, and making all other kinds of types in certain fixed proportions of that size. Consequently, a page of types of any variety of sizes may now be locked up with a degree of

precision and neatness never before attainable. It is certainly remarkable that such simple mathematical principles have not been before now applied to type-founding, but this does not make the merit of those who have now set an example in applying them the less.

TRAITS OF AN ANTIQUARY.

MR NICHOLLS, in his Illustrations of Literary History, has preserved some curious traits and anecdotes of the antiquary, Dr Browne Willis, to whom the public was indebted for the first correct and ample accounts of the great churches of England. Dr Willis was descended from a family of moderate fortune in Buckinghamshire, and was born in 1682. The peculiar character of his mind was awakened when he was attending Westminster school. He loved to walk and contemplate in the neighbouring abbey. The solemnity of the building, the antique features of the architecture, the old legends of the monuments, filled his whole mind. Transferred to Christ Church, Oxford, the appetite of his mental nature was fed by the similar objects which there met his eye—the grand tower of the mighty Tom, the superb hall where nearly every sovereign of England from the eighth Harry had been entertained, the adjacent cathedral church, where the tombs of Saxon saints are still shown, not to speak of the many other ancient buildings and objects of historical interest in Oxford. He grew up an antiquary, as a matter of course; and although he not only married, but served for a short time as M.P. for Buckingham, the rust of the profession soon settled over him, and he became the odd eccentric being which he continued to be till the end of his life.

Great acuteness in the reading of old papers and inscriptions, accurate habits in the ascertainment of facts, a memory capacious enough for any amount of lumber, and diligence and perseverance unweariable, were the qualifications of Browne Willis as an antiquary. It is an almost essential peculiarity of the antiquarian mind to narrow itself to some special set of objects, and to have no interest in any other. Willis affected only English ecclesiastical antiquities. Beyond his own country, and the middle ages of it, he had no sympathies. He gave up all good opinion of a young clergyman of his acquaintance who unguardedly declared one day that he would not give one page of Sallust or Cesar, Livy or Tacitus, for all the monkish writers, with Bede at the head of them. This reminds us of Scott's turning coldly from the classical antiquities of Rome, and inspecting with enthusiasm a fortress of the fourteenth century. The collections which Willis made in his favourite walk enabled him to publish "The Cathedrals of England," in three volumes quarto, and "The Mitred Abbeys of England," two volumes. His principal other work was one entitled "Notitia Parliamentaria," referring to the parliamentary history of the various counties and boroughs of England. He lost money upon all of these great books except one; and the fifteen pounds which he gained upon that one he very characteristically gave, with a farther sum out of his own pocket, to build the steeple of Buckingham Church. The style of his writings is much more easy and elegant than any one looking at his character as an eccentric student could have expected. His antiquarian pursuits were conducted at an expense which impaired his fortune, for he personally visited most of the places which he described, and he never grudged a good sum for any antique curiosity that was brought to him. But though he began life with a property of £2000 a-year, and reduced this to one-half, he possessed a benevolence which shrank from raising the rents of his tenants, even when a rise would have been fair. He also spent much in repairing and beautifying certain of the neighbouring churches in which he took an interest, and supported three charity schools. To enable him to indulge in this liberal disposition, he denied himself and his family many gratifications; would himself wear a suit of clothes two years, and forbid his daughters a visit to London as too expensive, though necessary to complete their education.

The character of him read after his death to the Society of Antiquaries, described him as "strictly religious, without any mixture of superstition or enthusiasm, and quite exemplary in this respect." His antiquarian habits appear, nevertheless, to have given a certain strange twist to his religious feelings. He had become so accustomed to attach importance to the fact of what saint a church was dedicated to, and what day, accordingly, was observed at it as most sacred, that saints' days became to him of more account than they are with the most rigid Catholic. He regarded visits to churches as *pilgrimages*, and would put himself to considerable inconvenience and expense in order to be able to visit any one in particular on the day of the saint to which it was dedicated. When London, on St George's Day, he would run about the whole forenoon, from one St George's Church to another, in order to be present at the services of as many as possible. He is known on one occasion to have gone from his house of Whaddon Chase, in Buckinghamshire, to Bristol Cathedral, in order to visit it on St Austin's Day, such being the day of its dedication. It is added, that he would lodge in no house there but the abbey-house. Having built a chapel at Fenny Stratford, in his neighbourhood, and placed it under the care of St Martin, he erected in it a tablet to the

memory of his grandfather (who was probably born on that day), with the following inscription:—

"In honour of thy mem'ry, blessed shade!
Was the foundation of this chapel laid.
Purchased by thee, thy son and present heir
Owes these three manors to thy sacred care.
For this may all thy race thanks ever pay,
And yearly celebrate St Martin's Day!"

It must be explained to such of our readers as are not acquainted with English customs, that there is an ancient fashion still in some measure kept up, of holding merry meetings called *wakes* at parish churches, on the day of the saint to whom the church is dedicated. Browne Willis one day, riding over Mendip, came to a small church under the hill, and called to a rustic to ask its name. "Embrborough." "When was it dedicated?" "Talk English, or don't talk at all." "When is the revel or wake?" The clown thought, as there was a match at quarter-staff for a hat in the neighbourhood, this queer-looking stranger might intend to make one, and so he instantly challenged him. Let the reader only imagine for a moment the disgust of the disconcerted antiquary. This story naturally leads on to another, of which the humorous point is much the same. Dr Willis one day took a friend of the name of Loundes along with him in his old-fashioned coach to inquire after antiquities at a certain old grange on a distant part of his own estate. A coach driving into the farm-yard sufficiently alarmed the family, who betook themselves to close quarters; when Dr Willis, spying an old woman at a window, thrust his head out of the coach, and cried, "Woman, I ask if you have got no arms in your house?" It being at the time of the rebellion of 1745, when searches for arms were talked of, the woman answered in great dudgeon, little thinking that it was only an antiquary crazed for old dags and halberds. It was not till Mr Loundes took up the task of explanation that an amicable understanding was effected between the parties. A third story follows as naturally, though not referring to Willis, but to a Dr Newcome, an equally devoted antiquary. Passing one day in his coach through a village near Cambridge, and seeing an old mansion, he called out to an old woman, "Woman, is this a *religious house*?" "I don't know what you mean by a religious house," said she, "but I believe the house is as honest a house as any of yours at Cambridge."

Utter abandonment to his favourite studies had taken from Dr Willis all sense of decent external appearance. In any dress he would have looked whimsical; but he added to the effect of an extraordinary countenance and figure by wearing only old clothes of the most ridiculous fashion. Two or three ancient coats, confined by a leather belt round his waist, were surmounted by an old blue cloak, lined with black fustian, which had been made when he entered parliament. The head displayed a tie-wig worn nearly to the stump, underneath an old slouched hat; at the opposite extremity were a pair of boots fully forty years old, which only came half up his legs, and were full of patches and wrinkles. *Old Wrinkle Boots* was one of the names by which he was known in his neighbourhood. His chariot, purchased for his marriage at an early period of his life, and never changed, was garnished with brass plates bearing his arms, and looked not unlike a coffin. As might be expected, he was extremely dirty; and it was something of a trial, for a lady at least, to be seated near him. He had at the same time some pride, and was not pleased with any one who did not address him as *Squire*. While so fond of churches, it is rather odd that he was constantly quarrelling with the clergy. It could scarcely be said that he had a predilection for any thing of a modern description; yet if there was any exception, it was in favour of the town of Buckingham, which he had represented in parliament. He was always scrupulous to speak of it as the county town, and he made great efforts to obtain for it such distinctions as the change of its bailiff into a mayor, and causing the archdeacon and bishop to hold their visitings at it.

Our antiquary had four daughters; and never was a gentleman's family more awkwardly situated in the matter of a father. A lady who knew him well, writing to another on this subject, said, after describing him, "You may judge what kind of education such a man is likely to give four girls, who have no female directress to polish their behaviour, or any other habitation than a great rambling mansion-house in a country village." The lady who wrote thus was Miss Talbot, of whom one of her own friends gave this admirable character—"She censures nobody, she despises nobody, and, whilst her own life is a pattern of goodness, she does not complain with bitterness against vice." Her letters supply a number of particulars as to the Misses Willis, written in a strain of great humour, but without ill feeling. "Browne," she says, "distinguishes his four daughters into the *lions* and the *lams*. The *lams* are very good and very insipid; they were in town about ten days, that ended the beginning of last week; and now the *lions* have succeeded them, who have a little spirit of rebellion, that makes them infinitely more agreeable than their sober sisters. The *lams* went to every church Browne pleased every day; the *lions* came to St James's church on St George's day, which to Browne was downright heresy. The *lams* thought of no higher entertainment than going to see some collections of shells; the *lions* would see every thing and go everywhere. The *lams* dined here one

day, were thought good awkward girls, and then were laid out of our thoughts for ever. The lions dined with us on Sunday, and were so extremely diverting that we spent all yesterday morning, and are engaged to spend all this, in entertaining them, and going to a comedy—that, I think, has no ill nature in it; for the simplicity of these girls has nothing blameable in it; and the contemplation of such unassisted nature has something infinitely amusing in it. They follow Miss Jenny's rule of never being strange in a strange place; yet in this there is not boldness." Miss Talbot goes on to say—"Their remarks on every thing are admirable. As they sat in the drawing-room before dinner, one of them called to Mr Secker, 'I wish you would give me a glass of sack!' The Bishop of Oxford came in, and one of them broke out very abruptly—"But we heard every word of the sermon where we sat; and a very good sermon it was," added she, with a decisive nod. The Bishop of Gloucester gave them tickets to go to a play; and one of them took great pains to repeat to him, till he heard it, "I would not rob you; but I know you are very rich, and can afford it; for I haven't covetous; indeed I ain't covetous." Poor girls; their father will make them go out of town to-morrow, and they begged very hard that we would all join in entreating him to let them stay a fortnight, as their younger sisters have done; but all our intreaties were in vain; and to-morrow the poor lions return to their den in the stage-coach. I have picked out some of the dullest of their traits to tell you. They pressed us extremely to come and breakfast with them at their lodgings, four inches square, in Chapel Street, at eight o'clock in the morning, and to bring a staymaker and the Bishop of Gloucester with us. We put off the engagement till eleven, sent the staymaker to measure them at nine, and Mrs Secker and I went and found the ladies quite undressed; so that, instead of taking them to Kensington Gardens, as we promised, we were forced, for want of time, to content ourselves with carrying them round Grosvenor Square into the ring, where, for want of better amusement, they were fain to fall upon the basket of dirty sweetmeats and cakes that an old woman is always teasing you with there, which they had nearly dispatched in a couple of rounds. It were endless to tell you all that has diverted me in their conversation and behaviour." One other story of these girls. The father once paid a visit to a gentleman at his chambers in one of the colleges in Oxford, in order to look into some old papers. After he had sat a while, a bed-maker opened the door, and enabled the gentleman to hear something like a rustling of silk in the stair outside. "What noise is that?" he inquired. "Oh," said Dr Willis, "it is only one of my daughters that I left on the staircase." We may presume it was one of the lambs; but it has been already remarked, with justice, that a lion would have been more suitable for so exposed a situation.

The great ecclesiastical antiquary of England died in 1760; and we conclude all this gossip about him with a set of versos written upon him by Dr Darrell of Lellington Darrell, to the tune of *Chevy Chase*:

"Whilom there dwelt near Buckingham,
That famous county town,
At a known place, bight Whaddon Chase,
A 'spire of odd renown.
A Druid's sacred form be bare,
His robes a girdle bound;
Deep versed he was in ancient lore,
In customs old, profound.
A stick torn from that hallow'd tree
Where Chaucer used to sit
And tell his tales with blearing glee,
Supports his tottering feet.
High on a hill his mansion stood,
But gloomy dark within;
Here mangled books, as bones and blood
Lie in a giant's den.
Crude, undigested, half-devour'd,
On groaning shelves they're thrown;
Such manuscripts no eye could read,
Nor hand write, but his own.
No prophet he, like Sidrophel,
Could future times explore;
But what had happen'd, he could tell,
Five hundred years and more.
A walking al'm'neck he appears,
Stepp'd from some mouldy wall,
Worn out of use through dust and years,
Like scatcheons in his hall.
His boots were made of that cow's hide
By Guy of Warwic slain;
Time's choicest gifts, aye to abide
Among the chosen train.
Who first received the precious boosn,
We're at a loss to learn,
By Speiman, Camden, Dugdale worn,
And then they came to Hearne.
Hearne strutt'd in them for a while;
And then, as lawful heir,
Browne claim'd and seized the precious spoil,
The spoil of many a year.
His car himself he did provide,
To stand in double stead;
That it should carry him alive,
And bury him when dead.
By rusty coins old kings he'd trace,
And knew their air and mien;
King Alfred he knew well by face,
Though George he ne'er had seen.
This wight th' outside of churches loved
Almost unto a sin;
Spire Gothic of more use he proved
Than peepits are within."

Of us, no doubt, when high in air,
A wandering bird they'll rest,
Or with a Brahmin's holy care,
Make lodgments for its nest.
Ye jackdaws, that are used to talk
Like us of human race,
When nigh you see Browne Willis walk
Loud chatter forth his praise.
Whene'er the fatal day shall come,
For come, alas! it must,
When this good squire must stay at home,
And turn to antique dust;
The solemn dirge, ye owls, prepare,
Ye bats more hoarsely screak;
Croak, all ye ravens, round the bier,
And all ye church-nice squawk!"

A SKETCH OF PEKIN.

Or Pekin, the capital of the Chinese empire, and which, from the progress of events, will at no distant day be an object of considerable attention, the following sketch, handed to us by a friend, has been written by a late Russian traveller. It is necessary to premise, that the situation of Pekin is near 40 degrees north, and therefore somewhat cold in winter.

During the first few days of our residence in the cold dwelling-houses of Pekin, we felt the discomforts of our European dresses very severely, and made, therefore, all haste to exchange them for Chinese habiliments. The divisions and subdivisions which exist in a Chinese wardrobe are innumerable. Each change of season brings necessarily along with it a change of costume; and these variations, fixed by custom, are as sacredly observed by correct Chinese as the laws of fashion by European ladies and leaders of ton; with only this difference, that here "the mode" has no influence, and the cut of the father's and grandfather's clothes is quite visible in those of the son and grandson—nay, it may pass even to the great-great-grandson. In the shape of caps and shoes alone, an almost yearly change takes place. Do not, however, suppose that it is any exercise of choice whether with the alteration of the season you may change your dress or not—by no means; the appointed time arrives, and an imperial edict announces that, on such a day, spring-caps must be exchanged for summer ones, or summer caps for autumn ones. I therefore arrayed myself like a genuine Chinaman.

The first part of my stay was very tedious; picture to yourself a man plunged at once into so populous a city, into the midst of a swarm of people, whose manners, customs, and mode of life, were quite strange, and whose language was utterly incomprehensible to him, and you will be able to understand my position. Was I thus alone, in the midst of this multitude of people, to pass ten of the best years of my life! Our chief drawback lay in the excessively difficult Chinese pronunciation, where one and the same sound, however simple, has its own peculiar meaning, according as it is pronounced in a high or low, in an abrupt or prolonged, tone of voice. For the first half year we scarcely made any progress whatever; at the end of two years only did we begin to find our way into the secrets of that labyrinth called the Chinese tongue, and fully four had elapsed before we were able to converse freely with the natives.

As soon as we were clothed in complete Chinese costume, being very desirous to see Pekin, we hired cabriolets and drove through the streets of the capital. First we drove to the imperial palace, where the emperor passes the winter months; during the whole of the rest of the year he resides in a palace about nine miles distant from the city. The palace occupies an immense space, consisting of a multitude of one-storey houses built of bricks, each of which has its appointed use. The emperor resides in one of them, in another he conducts the affairs of state, and in a third is the empress. The others are appropriated for his children, the widowed empress, the ladies of the court, &c. Each division is surrounded by a tolerably high wall, which none may pass except those persons belonging to it. All these buildings are again surrounded with a general wall, the threshold of whose gate may only be passed by the courtiers. An enclosure surrounds this outer wall, where there are many private shops, and where every body is allowed to walk or drive. The palaces themselves we could not see, and only the yellow roofs of glazed tiles showed themselves above the wall. Neither those streets in the vicinity of the palace, nor any throughout the city of Pekin, are paved.

Without having in the least satisfied our curiosity, we drove from the palace through the street Sy-o-lou, which, like all the other principal streets, is distinguished for breadth and regularity. The middle of each chief street of Pekin consists of an embankment of earth raised about three feet above the rest of the street, for the use of light carriages and foot passengers. Heavy loads, or carriages drawn by five and seven mules, must drive along the narrow avenues on each side of the embankment, which is a good width, and would be very convenient for driving upon, were it not that there are tents and booths erected at each side, which confine it so much that two carriages can scarcely drive abreast. In consequence of the excessive population of Pekin, the streets are filled throughout the whole day with a double row of carriages, slowly progressing in opposite directions. It is a terrible annoyance when a foot passenger happens to meet a friend who is driving. The latter, according to the strict etiquette of Chinese politeness, must stop, alight,

and, in spite of weather or dirt, say, "How do you do?" and then invite his friend to accept a seat in the carriage. Of course the pedestrian must reply to this civility, and beg his acquaintance to proceed on his way. The owner of the carriage will not, however, re-enter it until his friend on foot shall proceed; he in his turn will wait till the other resume his seat. The ceremony will often occupy half an hour; and during the whole time the carriages which follow must wait, there being no possibility of passing the one stopping up the way.

The main streets are of a good width, but the side ones are so very narrow that two carriages meeting could not possibly pass, so that the coachman must always call out on entering one to ascertain whether any other vehicle is coming in the opposite direction. Every side-street had formerly a gate wherever it crossed either another cross or a main street, and many of them still remain. These gates were formerly closed at night by warders, who lived in the vicinity, and the passenger required a particular permission in order to pass it by night; now, however, this extreme strictness has ceased; the warder merely questions the nightly passenger, and even this occurs rarely. Owing to the custom of the Chinese of surrounding themselves with high walls, the streets of Pekin are most remarkably uniform. On every side rise high enclosing walls, built of half-burnt grey bricks; everywhere peep up from behind these walls pointed sloping roofs, which in form and colour are again monotonous. The imperial palace alone is covered with glazed green tiles, all the other dwelling-houses with the half-burnt grey-coloured ones. Besides the emperor's, there are not more than seven or eight princely palaces. All the rest weary the gaze by their dust colour; and the eye can rest on nothing which does not display the most tedious uniformity, unless it be the shops, which generally project into the streets. Before the entrance of all these booths hang black polished boards, inscribed with thick golden letters; there is not, however, any difference betwixt them, and only those where confections are sold are distinguished by their splendour. The whole of the front wall of these is gilt, even to the roof, and adorned with dragons and other figures. The magnificence of these shops is the more striking, as close beside them one may often find a half-destroyed wall or a little tottering dwelling-house. There are no open places or gardens in Pekin; and the only remarkable buildings are the temples, which are profusely painted with vermilion colour.

It is a great mistake to accuse the Chinese of bigotry. Their temples are generally quite empty: here and there only, an official who has received a new, and, be it understood, a *profitable*, appointment, considers it his duty to visit all the temples in the city. On such an occasion he conducts himself as follows:—On entering, he takes with him a bundle of candles, made from the bark of a tree, and of perfumed wood; these he lights before the images of the gods, prostrating himself several times to the ground, during which time the priest strikes a metal saucer with a wooden mallet. Such a pilgrim having concluded his prayer, throws down some money, and proceeds into the second temple, thence into the third, and so on. Even the common people go only on particular occasions to the temple; when, for instance, a time of great drought arrives, troops of peasants assemble in the temple, in order to pray to their god for rain; and not only light candles and make prostrations, but bring also offerings with them, consisting of different sorts of bread, &c. Of a sincere disinterested prayer, offered from the heart of the suppliant, the Chinese worshipper has no conception. There are, to be sure, certain days every month when the temple is visited by the people, but then it is not with the intention of prayer but of business. Goods, such as millinery, for instance, are spread out in the courts of the temple; and the visitors promenade from noon till evening amongst rows of sellers, who at these fairs generally demand the most unreasonable prices. For a *spirit*, for instance, a stone of a grass-green colour, which is particularly esteemed by the Chinese, and which is used for rings, snuff-boxes, armlets, and such like, a salesman demanded 250 lan, and he gave it me for 26! (A lan is about four florins, or 6s. 8d. English.) Jugglers, also, display their tricks here; one will go on his hands, another throw knives; and so forth.

Towards evening the court of the temple becomes empty, and all is again silent until the following fair, with the exception of the priests going thrice a day to burn a small candle before each of the great images of the gods, and prostrating themselves each time to the earth. When the priest does not feel inclined to fulfil this heavy duty himself (and he rarely feels such a desire), he sends his pupil to light the candles and make prostrations; but if he does not just happen to be at hand, a common servant does it. As for the rest, the candles are lighted at the proper times, the prostrations are made as low as possible, and what more can one require? If the temples, however, are almost always empty, the houses of public entertainment, on the contrary, are filled with people from morning till night. In the best inns, one pays a high price for every trifle; so that when two or three of the rich young Chinese meet there, they easily spend in an evening 50 lan. The high price is not, however, a consequence of the extreme dearth of the articles required, but of the vanity of the consumer. In general, money is here lightly regarded; every darling son of the heaven-protected city of Pekin throws down his

purses almost uncounted. They eat all manner of expensive things, such as *roasted ice*, for instance, for a little plate of which one pays 6 lan; it is prepared as follows:—The cook puts a small bit of ice on a sieve made of little wands or sticks, into a rather liquid batter of sugar, eggs, and spices, and then plunges it quickly into a pan of boiling swine's fat. The skill of the cook is shown by his bringing the dish upon the table before the ice be melted in the batter. A particularly good morsel cannot be expected, for when put into the mouth it burns, and when bitten into it is very cold. The high price of this dish arises from so few cooks being able to make it exactly as it ought to be. Taken in general, the Chinese dishes are very disagreeable to Europeans; for they prepare every thing without salt, and, in addition, float it in a superfluity of swine fat; and few dishes are made without ginger and garlic. Their roasts are only well flavoured, and might receive the highest approbation from a European gastronome.

The reason of there being such an extraordinary number of eating-houses in Pekin, is the custom the Chinese have of entertaining one another, not in their own homes, but in these establishments; relations only and the most intimate acquaintances being ever invited to dinner or supper into their houses. The youth also assemble in the eating-houses, and the seniors dine there after the theatre, for the theatre and dinner at a restaurant are amusements which are inseparably connected with each other. Theatrical representations commence at eleven in the forenoon, and continue till six in the evening. In the course of the play, beautiful boys, who play the women's parts, come into the boxes of the rich members of the audience, and appoint an eating-house, where they promise to come and sup with them. During supper, these boys choose the dishes, and usually ask for the most expensive, having previously agreed with the master of the house upon a reward for so doing. All these boys are richly and tastefully dressed, skilled in conversation, lively, and witty. Neither in the theatres, the eating-houses, nor in the temple at fair times, are women to be seen, but on the streets one meets with plenty. Women of the lower rank go on foot, but those who are at all well off drive in cabriolets. The wives and daughters of princes, on the other hand, are carried in sedans. Married as well as unmarried women appear in the street with unveiled faces, and simply arranged hair, which they adorn with beautiful artificial flowers. Even the most ragged, dirty, old cook, if she is only going to the door to buy a little garlic or cabbage, has always a flower, usually red, stuck amongst her grey locks. The dress of the ladies is chiefly distinguished by bright colours: that of the Mandshurian ladies consists chiefly in a long upper robe with immense sleeves. This dress quite conceals the shape; but the Chinese do not distress themselves on account of this disadvantage, as they seek for feminine slenderness in narrow shoulders and a flattened chest, on which account their women all bind a broad girdle over the bosom, which supplies the place of the European corsets. The dress of the true Chinese women consists of red or green trousers, which are embroidered with many-coloured silks—of jackets, also embroidered—with a very richly embroidered upper garment.

The Chinese women are chiefly distinguished from the Mandshurins by their feet; these do not spoil their feet by tight bandages, and wear slippers like the men, only their stockings are made of gay-coloured stuffs, with foot soles not less than four inches thick. The Chinese women, on the contrary, bind their feet from five years of age with broad bandages, in such a way that four toes are bent under, and the great toe laid over them; the nails press into the flesh, causing almost always wounds, and the unfortunate females suffer during their whole lives from this barbarous custom. Not one of them can stand on the whole foot, and they all walk on their heels, on which account their walk is most unsightly, and they totter from side to side. Considerable ostentation prevails when a Chinese or Mandshurian lady goes abroad: an out-rider first appears, behind him comes a two-wheeled carriage drawn by a mule, the head and sides of which are hung with green or blue cloth, into the sides of which are set in pieces of black velvet and glass; on the right and left walk two men, holding the carriage with their hands, in order to prevent its falling over at any of the inequalities of the road, and behind the carriage comes another rider. As one must step into and out of the carriage in front, the coachman has to unharness his mule every time; the men who walk outside the carriage then turn it close up to the stairs, let the shafts down on the steps, and immediately turn their backs to the equipage, for, according to Chinese etiquette, they may not look their mistress in the face. The waiting-maid, who generally sits in front, first steps out, adjusts a little footstool, and helps her lady to alight. On departing, the ceremony is repeated—that is, the lady and her maid first resume their seats, then the coachman harnesses his mule, and the cortège proceeds in its former order. The men display magnificence, when they drive abroad, by the numbers of their followers, who often amount to twenty or more. But what followers! two or three are well dressed, but the rest are ragged and mounted on lame and worn-out mules. Pride, however, never allows a Chinaman to lessen the number of his attendants, although the keeping of these idle bands must be very expensive. The stir in the streets commences at break

of day—that is, in summer at four, and in winter at six o'clock. The men in office first make their appearance going to the palace with public papers, and then the small dealers with estables. The noise and bustle are continually on the increase; by seven all the streets are crowded with innumerable masses of people; and at nine or ten at night they retire to rest. At this hour the most perfect silence reigns through the empty streets, and here and there only glimmers the dim light of the paper lanterns, which are fixed on low pillars."

THE BABES IN THE WOODS.

[We copy the following from a late number of the *New Scotian*, a newspaper published at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, where the incident alluded to appears to have caused a sensation creditable to the feelings of the inhabitants.]

MOST children who can read, have read the touching little nursery tale of "The Babes in the Woods," and thousands who cannot read have wept over it as better-informed playmates, nurses, or grandmothers, poured it into their infant ears with various embellishments and exaggerations, which, if duly preserved, would fill a book as large as "Robinson Crusoe." The incident which we have now to relate, shows that the main features of this tender legend have not been overdrawn, and are, in reality, true to nature.

The town of Dartmouth lies on the eastern side of Halifax harbour, directly opposite to the city of that name. The township of Preston lies to the eastward of Dartmouth, and embraces scattered agricultural settlements, through the principal of which the main road runs which leads from Dartmouth to Porter's Lake, Chezzetcook, Jedore, and all the harbours upon the south-eastern sea-board. About half a mile from this road, at a distance of some four miles and a half from the ferry, lived John Meagher, a native of Ireland, his wife, and a family of four children. His house is prettily situated on an upland ridge, between two lakes, and overlooking the main road. His cleared fields were chiefly in front, the rear of his lot being covered by a thick growth of bushes and young trees, which had sprung up in the place of the original forest, long since levelled by the axe or overrun by fire. Behind the lot, in a northerly direction, lay a wide extent of timber and scrubby woodland, barren granite and morass, the only houses in the neighbourhood lying east or west, on ridges running parallel with that on which Meagher lived, and which are separated from it by the lakes that extend some distance in rear of his clearing.

On Monday morning, the 10th day of April, Meagher, his wife, and two of the children, being sick with the measles, the two eldest girls strolled into the woods to search for *lashong*, the gum of the black spruce tree, or tea berries. Their names were Jane Elizabeth and Margaret, the first being six years and ten months old, and the latter only five years. The day was fine, and the girls being in the habit of roaming about the lot, were not missed till late in the day. A man-servant was sent in search of them, and thought he heard their voices, but returned without them, probably thinking there was no great occasion for alarm, and that they would be by and return of their own accord. Towards evening the family became seriously alarmed, and the sick father roused himself to search for his children, and gave the alarm to some of his nearest neighbours. The rest of the night was spent in beating about the woods in rear of the clearing, but to no purpose, nobody supposing that girls so small could have strayed more than a mile or two from the house. On Tuesday morning, tidings having reached Dartmouth, Halifax, and the neighbouring settlements, several hundreds of persons promptly repaired to the vicinity of Meagher's house, and, dividing into different parties, commenced a formal and active examination of the woods. In the course of the day, the tracks of little feet were discovered in several places on patches of snow, but were again lost; the spot at which the children crossed a rivulet which connects Lake Looe with Lake Charles was also remarked. A coloured boy, named Brown, whose dwelling lay about three miles to the north-west of Meagher's, also reported that he had heard a noise as of children crying the evening before, while cutting wood, but that, on advancing towards it and calling out, the sound ceased, and he returned home, thinking it was perhaps a bird or some wild animal.

The tracks, the coloured boy's report, and the subsequent discovery of a piece of one of the children's aprons stained with blood, at the distance of three miles from their home, gave a wider range to the searches of the benevolent, who began to muster in the neighbourhood of the place in which the piece of apron was picked up, and to deploy in all directions, embracing a circle of several miles beyond and in rear of it. Monday night was mild, and it was pretty evident the children survived it. Tuesday night was colder; and about two inches of snow having fallen, the general conviction appeared to be that, worn out with fatigue and hunger, and having no outer clothing, they must have perished. Still there was no relaxation of the exertions of the enterprising and benevolent. Fresh parties poured into the woods each day; and many persons, overpowered by the strength of their feelings, and gathering fresh energy from the pursuit, devoted the entire week to the generous purpose of rescuing the dead bodies, if not the lives of the innocents, from the wilderness. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, passed away, and no farther trace was discovered of the babes in the woods; every newspaper that appeared was eagerly searched for some tidings; every boat that crossed the harbour was met by anxious and inquiring faces; Dartmouth was the centre of excitement, and the Preston road was constantly occupied with vehicles and pedestrians moving to and fro.

As the week closed, all hopes of finding the children alive were of course abandoned, and yet nobody thought of discontinuing the search. An air of mystery began to

gather about the affair. The accounts of the man-servant and of the coloured lad were eagerly canvassed. What meant the blood upon the scrap of the apron? Had there been crime? Had wild animals destroyed them? How could hundreds of persons have traversed the woods for five days without finding them? All these were questions which every body put to his neighbour, and which none could answer.

On Sunday morning it was quite evident that the interest had rather deepened than declined. A load seemed to hang upon the mind, which was excessively painful. Many who had been confined all the week, unable to join in the good work, determined to spend the Sabbath in searching for the children, in imitation of Him who went about doing good, and who gave examples of active benevolence even on the day set apart for rest and devotion. Many others thought to throw off by locomotion, and a sight of the localities, the load of doubt, and mystery, and apprehension, which oppressed them. From early morning till eleven o'clock, groups might be seen entering the steamboat, with hunting coats and strong buskins, evidently bound for the woods. The Preston road was covered with the ardent and eager, of all ranks and all ages, pressing onward with a zeal and determination worthy of any good cause.

We strolled into Meagher's early in the forenoon. The sick husband was in the woods. The bereaved mother, whose agony must have been intense throughout the week, while there was a chance of her little ones being restored to her alive, seemed to have settled into the sobriety of grief which generally follows the stroke of death, and when hope has been entirely extinguished. One sick child rested on her lap. Friendly neighbours were sitting around, vainly essaying to comfort her who could "not be comforted," because her children "were not." All they could do was to show, by kind looks and little household attentions, how anxious they were to prove that they felt her bereavement keenly. We plunged into the woods, and at once saw how easy it might be for children to lose themselves in the dense thickets and broken ground immediately in the rear of the house, and how exceedingly difficult it might be to find their bodies, had they crept for shelter into any of the fir or cedar clumps, through hundreds of which they must have passed, or laid down beneath the spreading roots of any of the numerous windfalls which lay scattered on either hand. We wandered on and on, occasionally exchanging greetings or inquiries with parties crossing or recrossing our line of march. As we proceeded, clambering over windfalls, bruising our feet against granite rocks, or plunging into mud holes, the sufferings of these poor babes were brought fearfully home to us, as they must have been to hundreds on that day. If we, who had slept soundly the night before—were well clad, and had had a comfortable breakfast, were weary with a few hours' tramp—if we chafed when we stumbled, when the green boughs dashed in our faces, or when we slumped through the half-frozen morass—what must have been the sufferings of these poor girls, so young, so helpless, with broken shoes, no coverings to their heads or hands, and no thicker garments to shield them from the blast, or keep out the frost and snow, than the ordinary dress with which they sat by the fire or strolled abroad in the sunshine? Our hearts sunk at the very idea of what must have been their sufferings. We were pushing on, peering about, and dwelling on every probability of the case, when, just as we struck a wood-path, we met a lad coming out, who told us that the children were found, and that they were to be left on the spot until parties could be gathered in, that those who had spent the forenoon in search should have the melancholy gratification of beholding them as they sank into their final rest on the bleak mountain side.

In a few moments after, we met others rushing from the woods, with the painful and yet satisfactory intelligence, hurrying to spread it far and wide. We soon after hove in sight of Mount Major, a huge granite hill, about six miles from Meagher's house, and caught a sight of a group of persons standing upon its topmost ridge, firing guns, and waving a white flag as a signal of success. The melancholy interest and keen excitement of the next half hour we shall never forget. As we pressed up the hill side, dozens of our friends and acquaintances were ascending from different points—some, having satisfied their curiosity, were returning, with sad faces, and not a few with tears in their eyes. As we mastered the acclivity, we saw a group gathered round in a circle, about half way down on the other side. This seemed to be the point of attraction. Newcomers were momentously pressing into the ring, and others rushing out of it, overpowered by strong emotion. When we pressed into the circle, the two little girls were lying just as they were when first discovered by Mr Currie's dog. The father had lifted the bodies, to press them, cold and lifeless, to his bosom; but they had been again stretched on the heath, and their limbs disposed so as to show the manner of their death. A more piteous sight we never beheld. Jane Elizabeth and Margaret Meagher were the children of poor parents, and they wore the common dress of their class, and scanty enough it seemed for the perils they had passed through. The youngest child had evidently died in sleep, or her spirit had passed as gently as though the wing of the angel of death had seemed but the ordinary clouds of night overpowering the senses. Her little cheek rested upon that of her sister—her little hand was clasped in hers—her fair, almost white hair, unkempt and dishevelled, strewn the wild heath upon which they lay. The elder girl appeared to have suffered more. Her eyes were open, as though she had watched till the last; her features were pinched and anxious, as if years of care and anguish had been crowded into those two days. If life is to be measured by what we bear, and do, and suffer, and not by moments and hours, that poor girl must have lived more in two days than some people do in twenty years.

We pity the man who could have stood over them for an instant without shedding a tear for their fate and for their sufferings. There were few who did. We looked round us as we broke from the circle: there were men

of all ranks and ages ; soldiers in fatigue dress—the merchant, the mechanic, and the professional man, with the town garb variously disguised—the Preston, Lawrence Town, and Cole Harbour farmers, in their homespun suits—the Chizetcook Frenchman in his moccasins—the coloured man in his motley garb—and, apart from the rest, a group of Indians, sharing the common feelings and sentiments of our nature, but calm and unruffled amidst the general excitement of the scene.

The hill on which the children were found was the last place anybody would have thought of looking for them; and yet when upon it, the reason of their being there seemed sufficiently clear. A smooth platform of rock, clear of underbrush, and looking like a road, approaches the base of the hill, from the direction in which the children probably came. They doubtless ascended in order that they might ascertain where they were; and it is more than likely that when they saw nothing but forest, bog, and wild barren, stretching for miles around them, without a house or clearing in sight, their little hearts sunk within them, and they laid themselves down to refresh for farther efforts, or, it may have been, in utter despair, to cling to each other's bosoms and die.

There was one thing which brightened the scene, sad as it was, and seemed to give pleasure even to those who were most affected by it—"in death they were not divided." It was clear that there had been no desertion—no shrinking, on the part of the elder girl, from the claims of a being even more helpless than herself. If she had drawn her sister into the forest, as a companion in the sports of childhood, she had continued by her in scenes of trial and adversity that might have appalled the stoutest nature, and broken the bonds of the best cemented friendship. Men, and women too, have been selfish in extremities, but this little girl clung to her sister with a constancy and fidelity worthy of all praise. From the tracks, it was evident that she had led her by the hand, changing sides occasionally as the little one's arm was weary. The bodies have been buried in a rural and quiet little grave-yard, about two miles from Dartmouth.

SCHOOLS IN ATHENS.

It is very gratifying to learn that the educational labours of the worthy Americans, Mr and Mrs Hill, whose schools in Athens have been already alluded to in this Journal, are still carried on in that restored city with undiminished zeal and success. Mr Garston, a late tourist, thus speaks of them. "In company with one or two other Englishmen, I have been admitted into the schools which are under the direction of the Rev. Mr Hill and his lady. The public establishment, in which children are educated without charge, is supported by funds supplied by the American Missionary Society, augmented by the voluntary contributions of European Philanthropists. It affords the means of gratuitous instruction to about five hundred children of the poorer classes. The private establishment is devoted to the education of the children of persons in the higher walks of life who can pay for their instruction, and to that of children who are brought up at the charge of the government. Of these classes there are about one hundred and twenty, nearly two-thirds of whom are resident in the house, under the immediate care of the amiable directress of the institution. The school-rooms of the private establishment exhibited a series of gratifying and beautiful pictures of infantine life. The pupils are for the most part very young girls, distinguished with few exceptions, by an air of extreme intelligence and vivacity, and in many instances by countenances of singular delicacy and beauty. When we were admitted into the rooms, they were pursuing their studies in classes, and it was evident that their occupations were regarded by them rather as an enjoyment than as a task—a pledge, I should think, of future proficiency on the part of the students. Having observed that several very young damsels had produced drawings of considerable merit, as also that the musical pupils were less numerous, and apparently less advanced in their studies, although under the guidance of an accomplished musician, I was tempted to inquire whether this difference arose from a preference accorded to the former study by the parents, or from a peculiar taste for it on the part of the pupils, and was informed in reply that, among the latter, a decided talent for design is of frequent occurrence, whilst a taste or talent for music is comparatively rare. Mrs Hill numbers among her pupils the daughters of many of the first Greek families of Constantinople, as well as of the most distinguished of Greece Proper. The names of Kriezia, Mavrocordato, Grivas, &c., fall oddly but pleasingly on the ear in this scene of youthful loveliness and simplicity. The impression which remains with the visitor who has the gratification of seeing Mrs Hill in the midst of her flock is, that she possesses that 'jewel beyond all price' to the instructress of youth—the talent of winning the heart, while she forms the mind. Madame Trioupi, who is well acquainted with such part of the establishment as does not admit of the inspection of a male visitor, speaks of it as perfect throughout, and of its inmates as a happy family, of which Mrs Hill is the centre. The Rev. Mr Hill and his lady have since supplied the schools in Hydra with teachers, and thus may be said to be pouring the blessings of education into Greece through a variety of channels. It is gratifying to know that the youth of Greece, both male and female, display as much ardour as capacity for the acquisition of knowledge."

LABOUR A BLESSING.

A certain degree of labour and exertion seems to have been allotted us by providence as the condition of humanity. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." This is a curse which has proved a blessing in disguise. And those favoured few who, by their rank or their riches, are exempted from all exertion, have no reason to be thankful for the privilege. It was the observation of this necessity that led the ancients to say that the gods sold us every thing, but gave us nothing.

Water, however, which is one of the great necessities of life, may in general be gratuitously procured; but it has been well observed that if bread, the other great necessary of human life, could be procured on terms equally cheap and easy, there would be much more reason to fear that men would become brutes for the want of something to do, rather than philosophers from the possession of leisure. And the facts seem to bear out the theory. In all countries where nature does the most, man does the least; and where she does but little, there we shall find the utmost acme of human exertion. Thus, Spain produces the worst farmers, and Scotland the best gardeners; the former are the spoilt children of indulgence, the latter the hardy offspring of endeavour. The copper, coal, and iron of England, inasmuch as they cost much labour to dig, and insure a still further accumulation of it when dug, have turned out to be richer mines to us than those of Potosi and Peru. The possessors of the latter have been impoverished by their treasures, while we have been constantly enriched by our exertion. Our merchants, without being aware of it, have been the sole possessors of the philosopher's stone, for they have anticipated most of the wealth of Mexico before it arrived in Europe, by transmuting their iron and their copper into gold.—*Lacon.*

WAR.

Voltaire thus expresses himself on the subject of war:—"A hundred thousand mad animals, whose heads are covered with hats, advance to kill or to be killed by the like number of their fellow mortals covered with turbans. By this strange procedure they want, at best, to decide whether a tract of land to which none of them lays any claim shall belong to a certain man whom they call sultan, or to another whom they call czar, neither of whom ever saw or will see the spot so furiously contested for; and very few of those creatures who thus mutually butcher each other ever behold the animal for whom they cut each other's throats! From time immemorial this has been the way of mankind almost over all the earth. What an excess of madness in this! and how deservedly might a Superior Being crush to atoms this earthly ball, the bloody nest of such ridiculous murderers!"

AN INSOLVENT'S PLEA.

In the Insolvent Debtor's Court, a few months ago, a person named William Charles Empson came up to be heard on his petition. His schedule contained a statement that appeared to astonish the court. It was—"I attribute my insolvency to an error of judgment of the late Lord Chancellor Eldon." In answer to the inquiries of the court respecting this extraordinary statement, the insolvent entered into a long detail of the particulars of a claim he had on the estate of a bankrupt, which had been the subject of a chancery suit; and Lord Eldon, after much consideration, having still some doubts, directed an issue to the Court of King's Bench, where he obtained a verdict; but the estate being entirely exhausted, he never received any benefit, and having his costs to pay, was utterly ruined by the cause he had gained. The insolvent was declared entitled to his discharge, but was ordered to amend his schedule, that the imputation it contained against Lord Eldon's judgment might not remain on record.—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

THE QUACK—A HINT FOR JOHN BULL.

A STORY is told of a travelling quack or mountebank, who exhibited on a stage at Hammersmith, in the reign of King George I. Having collected an audience, he addressed them in the following words:—

"Being originally a native of this place, I have, for a long time, been considering in what manner I can best show my regard for my brother townsmen; and after maturely weighing the subject, I am come to a resolution of making a present of five shillings to every inhabitant of the parish. It will, I own, be a heavy expense, and I hope no one will attempt to profit from my liberality who is not really and truly a parochian."

The multitude pressed forward, with open eyes as well as mouths, casting earnest looks on a green velvet bag, of ample dimensions, which hung on the arm of this genorous man.

"I know you are not so sordid and so mercenary," continued the orator, "as to value my bounty merely because it would put a few shillings into your pockets; the pleasure I see sparkling in your eyes cannot be produced at the thought of dirty pelf, which to-day is in your hands, and to-morrow may be in the gripe of a miser, a highwayman, or a pawnbroker."

I perceive what it is that delights you: the discovering in one whom you considered as a stranger, the warmest and most disinterested friend you ever had in your lives. Money, my good people, too often tempts the young and the indiscreet to indulge in liquor and other excesses, to the destruction of their health and morals. In order, therefore, to prevent what I meant for benefit being converted into an injury, I freely present to every brother townsmen (dipping his hand into the velvet bag) this inestimable packet, which contains a box of pills, a paper of powders, and a plaster which has not its fellow in Europe for violent bruises and green wounds, whether by knife, sword, or pistol; if applied on the patient's going to bed, I pledge my reputation that the ball, if there is one, shall be extracted, and the flesh be as sound as the palm of my hand before morning.

But for those who dislike the pain and smart of such things as plasters and ointment, and who are not fond of trouble, let me recommend the powder: it acts, ladies and gentlemen, by sympathy, and was the joint invention of three of the greatest medical men that ever lived—Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus. If you have a few grains only of this powder in your possession, you may without fear rush into the thickest of the battle, and defy broad-sword, pike, or bayonet. All I say is, get wounded, get crippled, get mangled and hacked like a crimped cod; the longer, the deeper, the more numerous the cuts are, the better shall I be pleased, the more decisive is the proof it will afford of the merits of my

powder. Give yourself no sort of uneasiness, only wrap the part affected in a clean white handkerchief, then get to bed and to sleep as soon as you can, desiring, in the meantime, the weapon which did the injury to be well rubbed, nine times, with a small quantity of the powder, and, take my word for it, you may follow your usual occupations the next day.

Of the pills I need say nothing; they have long pronounced their own panegyric, and there are full directions sealed up with them; but as you live rather out of the way of the great world, it is but fair to tell you that they procure husbands for single women, and children for those who are married; they are great sweeteners of the blood, and wonderful improvers of the complexion.

The selling price for these matchless remedies," said the doctor, "has been six shillings for time immemorial; but as I am resolved to stand to my word, and as I do not practise physic for the love of dirty lucre, if you will throw up your handkerchiefs, with the small sum of one shilling tied in each, merely to pay travelling charges and servants' wages, I freely make you a present of the rest of the money, according to my original promise."

A small number of the crowd, who were so absurd as to doubt any thing the doctor said, marched off in silence, but the mass were not formed of materials capable of resisting so complicated an attack on their feelings and understandings; the present of a crown to each man at first so confidently promised, had dissipated all fear of imposition, for how could one who acted so much like a gentleman be supposed to want to take them in? His ostentatious harangue had diffused a magic ray over his powder of paste, his rosin, and his jalap; for the passive infatuation of being cheated is not without its pleasures.

He was proceeding in his address, but a shower of shillings interrupted his harangue, and two hours were fully occupied in easing his brother townsmen of their shillings, and emptying the green velvet bag of the six-shilling packets; while his assistants diverted the anxieties and allayed the impatience of the people by music and tumbling.

Handkerchiefs from all quarters dropped round the cunning knave; inhabitants of Brentford or Kensington, Chelsea, Turnham, or any other green, were permitted to contribute their shillings without any ill-natured questions being asked concerning the place of their residence; the business of the day concluded with general satisfaction; and the artist owned, at an inn in the evening, over a duck and green peas, that the neat profit of his afternoon was five-and-twenty guineas.—*Lounger's Companion Book.*

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